### PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY

HORACE HART M.A., AT THE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

# THE OLD WIVES TALE 1595

THE MALONE SOCIETY REPRINTS
1908

This reprint of the Old Wives Tale has been prepared by the General Editor and checked by

Frank Sidgwick. W. W. Greg.

Feb. 1909.

The following entry is found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:

xvj<sup>to</sup> die Aprilis [1595] ./. . .

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens Ralph Hancock a booke or interlude intituled a pleasant Conceipte called the owlde wifes tale . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .  $v_j^a$ .

[Arber's Transcript, II. 296.]

Within the year appeared an edition in quarto, the only one known to have been issued. It was printed by John Danter, and the name of John Hardy was associated with Hancock's as publisher. The address without Cripplegate given in the colophon, being neither Danter's nor Hardy's, presumably belonged to Hancock, who appears in the Registers as publishing from 1593 to 1595, though no other book connected with him seems to have survived. The title-page reports that the comedy was 'played by the Queenes Maiesties players', a company whose fortunes began to decline soon after 1590 and whose career had probably come to an end, at least so far as London was concerned, before the play was published. There is added the further information that the piece was 'Written by G. P.' None of the early bibliographers of the drama had seen the play. In 1750 Chetwood invented the entry, 'An olde Wyfe her Tale, 1598,' which is sufficient evidence that neither had he. In 1782 the Biographica Dramatica, quoting his entry, added that of the Stationers' Register. Not till the edition of 1812 was any account of the play from actual inspection included. Meanwhile a fairly correct description had been given, and the identification of the initials as those of George Peele made, by Herbert in his Typographical Antiquities of 1785-90. The source of his information is doubtful, but the identification has never been challenged.

The date of composition is pretty certainly about 1590, a date suggested by the burlesque hexameters of Huanebango. One of these (ll. 813-4) is taken verbatim from Gabriel Harvey's Encomium Lauri (in the Three Letters of 1580). Another (ll. 801-2) is practically made up of tags from Stanyhurst (Aeneis, &c., 1582), similar to those ridiculed by Nashe in his preface to Greene's Menaphon (1589). Points of resemblance have also been noticed between the Old Wives Tale and Orlando Furioso. Thus 11. 1072-5 are largely identical with Orlando, 73-6; while the expression 'Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle bladder rattle, (ll. 819-20), which however was no doubt proverbial, recurs in the Dulwich manuscript of Orlando (ll. 136-7, fol. 263). Thus a connection is established between the two plays, but the

question of priority left open. This is settled by the name Sacrapant in the *Tale*, corresponding to Sacrepant in *Orlando*. Greene, of course, took the name from Ariosto (Sacripante), and Peele must therefore have borrowed from Greene.

Of the original quarto copies are extant in the British Museum (162.d. 53), and the Dyce collection. The second is imperfect, having the leaves F 2-3 in facsimile, but it preserves the initial leaf with the signature 'A' wanting in the Museum copy. F4 is absent in both. Both copies have been collated for the present reprint. That in the Dyce collection presents variants owing to its having an uncorrected inner forme to sheet E: they are recorded in the list of readings below. The quarto is printed in the ordinary roman fount of a body closely approximating to modern English (20 ll. = 94 mm.).

No attempt has been made to divide the play into scenes, since no satisfactory arrangement appears possible. The quarto almost certainly represents a mutilated text and the indications of staging are confused, while the fact that certain characters remain on the stage throughout renders the ordinary principle of division inapplicable.

#### LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

```
663 Who hawe
   2 Franticke, (Frolicke,)
  17 (not indented)
                                   706 gold
                                   774 laies
  68 barke. .
                                   787 birde (beard-cf. ll. 971,
  71 thethreshold,
                                          978.)
 122 of of
                                   809 Foe, (Foh,?)
 193 fnow:
                                   822 rim (rude Dyce copy)
 200 comes
 240 afwell
                                   844 knaue,-
                                   845-6 ka wil-shaw.
 285 trees; (trees,)
                                   866 Who's (Whose Dyce copy)
 373 thougts,
 382 Huau: (Huan: but? Booby:)
                                   898-9 impor-nate
 385 Huanabango
                                   914 Exeunt
                                   917 came
 394-5 fuper-|fantiall
 449 Sacr: (speech should run
                                   941 daunced
                                   950 halfes
         on)
                                   971,978 goulde beard (goulden
 451 for meate for
                                          bird Dyce copy)
 479 or (nor)
                                   989 iust ... coiners ... coine
      for (from?)
                                          (toft . . . quoiners . . .
 492 is
 495 a fide
                                          quine Dyce copy)
 511 arts hath
                                   995 come,
                                  1006 (not indented)
  541 thy (my)
 544 Corobus, (Corebus,)
                                  1018 pearst,
  552 Simon:
                (i. e.
                     Church-
                                  1075 Cuts
                                  1092-3 h[e fe-]|med (a partial
         warden
                         Steven
                   =
         Loach, l. 597)
                                          impression of the e- is all
  560 Corobus: (Corebus:)
                                          that appears of the
563 buriall. (period doubtful)
                                           bracketed letters in the
  564 affure (as fure)
                                          original)
  624 comes
                                  1157 windowes thuts
  627 of (i.e. on)
```

N.B.—The error in 1. 71 arose in the course of printing off. A space somehow dropped out and the type closed up. In the Dyce copy the last word still stands almost at the end of the line, but the type gradually crept back, and in the B. M. copy there is about an en-space blank at the end. Other copies may perhaps show the space in its right place.

#### LIST OF CHARACTERS

#### in order of entrance

ANTIC three pages. Frolic FANTASTIC CLUNCH, the smith. MADGE, his old wife. first and second brother in search of I HELEA their sister Delia. Erestus, the old man at the cross. VENELIA, his betrothed. Lampriscus, a countryman. Huanebango, a braggart. Corebus, or Booby, the clown. SACRAPANT, a Thessalian magitian.

Delia, daughter of Thenores, King of Thessaly. a Friar. EUMENIDES, the wandering knight, in search of Delia. Wiggen, fellow of Corebus. STEVEN LOACH, a Churchwarden. a Sexton. ZANTIPPA, the curst CELANTA, or ZE-LANTO, the foul Lampriscus. a Voice from the Well of Life. the ghost of Jack. the Hostess.

Harvest-men and women singing (ll. 306, 640), two Furies (ll. 504, 678?, 773), Fiddlers (l. 917).

Calypha is first named at 1. 484, Thelea at 1. ITOI; their father's name appears in 1. 508. The old man's name is first given as Erestus in 1. ITOO. Venelia enters at 11. 233, 1052, 1098, but has no part assigned her. Corebus is called Booby throughout his first entry, 1. 312 and following. The Churchwarden is named at 1. 597, but cf. 1. 552. The foul daughter is named Celanta in 1. 753 and Zelanto in 1. 960. The name does not elsewhere occur in full, but the C-form is found consistently as a prefix in her first entry, and the Z-form in her second. The first speech of the Voice from the Well is assigned to 'Head' (1. 786), but on the second occasion two heads appear though there is only one speech (1. 970). The 'Voice' of 1. 672 comes from the cell and is probably Sacrapant's.



### THE Old Wives Tale.

A pleasant conceited Comedie, played by the Queenes Maiefties players.

Written by G. Peet



Printed at London by Iohn Danter, and are to be fold by Raph Hancocke, and Iohn Hardie. 1595.

Fant: What Gammer, a sleepe?

old mom: By the Mas sonne tis almost day, and my windowes shuts at the Cocks crow.

Frol: Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes this Iacke bore a great (way amongst them.

old wom: O man, this was the ghost of the poore man, that they kept such a coyle to burie, & that makes him to help the wandring knight so much: But come let vs in, we will have a cup of ale and a tost this morning and so depart.

Fant: Then you have made an end of your

old wam: Yes faith: When this was done I rooke a peece of bread and cheefe, and came my way, and to shall you hauctoo before you goe, to your breakefast.

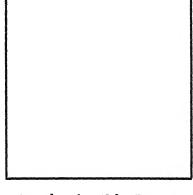
FINIS

Printed at London by Iohn Danter, for Raph Hancocke, and Iohn Hardie, and are to be solde at the shop ouer against Saint Giles his Church with-

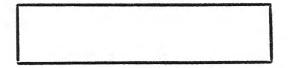


A pleafant conceited Comedie, played by the Queenes Maiesties players.

Written by G. P.



Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to be fold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*. 1595.



Enter Anticke, Frolicke and Fantasticke.

#### Anticke.

Ow nowe fellowe Franticke, what all a mort? Doth this fadnes become thy madnes? What though wee haue loft our way in the woodes, yet neuer hang the head, as though thou hadit

no hope to liue till to morrow: for Fantasticke and I will warrant thy life to night for twenty in 10 the hundred.

Frolicke: Anticke and Fantasticke, as I am frollicke franion, neuer in all my life was I so dead slaine. What? to loose our way in the woode, without either fire or candle so vncomfortable? O cælum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!

A 3 Fan-

Fantas. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our yong master to the faire Lady and she is the only Saint that he hath sworne to serue.

Frollicke. What resteth then but wee commit him to his wench, and each of vs take his stand vp in a Tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of O man in desperation.

Ant. Desperately spoken fellow Frollicke in the darke: but seeing it falles out thus, let vs re-

hearse the old prouerb.

Three merrie men, and three merrie men, And three merrie men be wee.

I in the wood, and thou on the ground,

And lacke sleepes in the tree.

Fan. Hush a dogge in the wood, or a wooden dogge, O comfortable hearing! I had euen as liue the Chamberlaine of the white Horse had called me vp to bed.

Frol. Eyther hath this trotting Cur gone out of his cyrcuit, or els are we nere fome village,

Enter a Smith with a Lanthorne & Candle. which should not be farre off, for I perceive the glymring of a Gloworme, a Candle, or a Cats eye, my life for a halfe pennie. In the name of my own father, be thou Oxe or Asse that appearest, tell vs what thou art.

Smith. What am I? Why I am Clunch the Smith, what are you, what make you in my territories

ritories at this time of the night?

Ant. What doe we make doft thou aske? why we make faces for feare: fuch as if thy mortall eyes could behold, would make thee water the long feames of thy fide flops, Smith.

Frol. And in faith Sir vnlesse your hospitalitie doe releeue vs, wee are like to wander with a forrowfull hey ho, among the owlets, & Hobgoblins of the Forrest: good Vulcan, for Cupids Take that hath cousned vs all: befriend vs as thou maiest, and commaund vs howsoeuer, wherefoeuer, whenfoeuer, in whatfoeuer, for euer and euer.

Smith. Well Masters it seemes to mee you haue lost your waie in the wood: in conside-60 ration whereof, if you will goe with Clunch to his Cottage, you shall have house roome, and a good fire to fit by, althogh we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed Smith, O bountifull Clunch. Smith. For your further intertainment, it fhall be as it may be, fo and fo.

Heare a Dogge barke..

Hearke this is Ball my Dogge that bids you all welcome in his own language, come take heed 70 flumbling on thethreshold, open dore Madge take in guests. Enter old woman.

Ol. Welcome Clunch & good fellowes al that come with my good mã for my good mans fake

come

#### The old VVines tale.

come on fit downe here is a peece of cheese & a pudding of my owne making.

Anticke: Thanks Gammer a good example

for the wives of our towne.

Frolicke: Gammer thou and thy good man 80 fit louingly together, we come to chat and not to eate.

Smith: Well Masters if you will eate nothing take away: Come, what doo we to passe away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to rost for Lambes-wooll; what shall wee haue a game at Trumpe or Ruffe to drive away the time, how fay you?

Fantasticke: This Smith leades a life as merrie as a King with Madge his wife; Syrrha Fro-90 licke, I am fure thou art not without fome round or other, no doubt but Clunch can beare

his part.

100

Frolicke: Els thinke you mee ill brought vp, fo fet to it when you will. they fing.

Song.

WHen as the Rie reach to the chin, And chopcherrie chopcherrie ripe within, Strawberries swimming in the creame, And schoole boyes playing in the streame: Then O, then O, then O my true love Said, Till that time come againe, Shee could not live a maid.

Anticke

#### The old VViues tale.

Ant: This fport dooes well: but me thinkes Gammer, a merry winters tale would drive away the time trimly, come I am fure you are not without a score.

Fantast: I faith Gammer a tale of an howre long were as good as an howres fleepe.

Frol: Looke you Gammer, of the Gyant and the Kings Daughter, and I know not what, 110 I haue feene the day when I was a litle one, you might haue drawne mee a mile after you with fuch a difcourfe.

old woman: Well, fince you be so importunate, my good man shall fill the pot and get him to bed, they that ply their worke must keepe good howres, one of you goe lye with him, he is a cleane skind man I tell you, without either spauin or windgall, so I am content to driue away the time with an old wines winters tale.

Fantast: No better hay in Deuonshire, a my word Gammer, Ile be one of of your audience.

Frolicke: And I another thats flat.

Anticke: Then must I to bed with the good man, Bona nox Gammer, God night Frolicke.

Smith: Come on my Lad, thou shalt take thy vnnaturall rest with me.

Exeunt Anticke and the Smith.

Frollicke: Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to bee ready at the sight 130 thereof extempore.

B Old

Old wom: Nowe this bargaine my Masters must I make with you, that you will say hum & ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

Both: Content Gammer that will we doo.

Old wom: Once vppon a time there was a King or a Lord, or a Duke that had a faire daughter, the faireft that euer was; as white as fnowe, and as redd as bloud: and once vppon a time his daughter was stollen away, and hee sent all his men to seeke out his daughter, and hee sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his Land.

Frol: Who dreft his dinner then?

*Old woman*: Nay either heare my tale, or kisse my taile.

Fan: Well fed, on with your tale Gammer.
Old woman: O Lord I quite forgot, there was a Coniurer, and this Coniurer could doo any thing, and hee turned himselfe into a great Dragon, and carried the Kinges Daughter away in his mouth to a Castle that hee made of stone, and there he kept hir I know not how long, till at last all the Kinges men went out so long, that hir two Brothers went to seeke hir. O I forget: she (he I would say) turned a proper yong man to a Beare in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps by a crosse that parts three seuerall waies, & he made his Lady run mad: gods me bones who comes here? Enter the two Brothers.

160 Frol: Soft Gammer, here some come to tell

your tale for you.

Fant: Let them alone, let vs heare what they will fay.

- I. Brother: Vpon these chalkie Cliffs of Albion We are arised now with tedious toile, And compassing the wide world round about To seeke our sister, to seeke faire Delya forth, Yet cannot we so much as heare of hir.
- 2. Brother: O fortune cruell, cruell & vnkind, Vnkind in that we cannot find our fifter; Our fifter haples in hir cruell chance: Soft who haue we here.

Enter Senex at the Croffe stooping to gather.

1. Brother: Now father God be your speed,

What doo you gather there?

Old man: Hips and Hawes, and stickes and strawes, and thinges that I gather on the ground my sonne.

1. Brother: Hips and Hawes, and stickes and strawes, why is that all your foode father?

Old man: Yea fonne.

- 2. Brother: Father, here is an Almes pennie for mee, and if I speede in that I goe for, I will give thee as good a Gowne of gray as ever thou diddest weare.
- 1. Brother: And Father here is another almes pennie for me, and if I speede in my iourney, I will give thee a Palmers staffe of yuorie, and a scallop shell of beaten gold.

B 2

Old

190 Old man: Was shee fayre?

2. Brother: I the fairest for white, and the purest for redd, as the blood of the Deare, or the driven snow: (old spell:

Old m: Then harke well and marke well, my
Be not afraid of euery stranger,
Start not aside at euery danger:
Things that seeme are not the same,
Blow a blast at euery slame:
For when one slame of sire goes out,
Then comes your wishes well about:
If any aske who told you this good,

I. Brother: Brother heard you not what the old man faid:

Be not afraid of euery stranger, Start not aside for euery danger: Things that seeme are not the same, Blow a blast at euery slame: If any aske who told you this good, 210 Say the white Beare of Englands wood.

Say the white Beare of Englands wood.

2. Brother: Well if this doo vs any good, Wel fare the white Bear of Englands wood. ex. Old ma: Now fit thee here & tel a heauy tale. Sad in thy moode, and fober in thy cheere, Here fit thee now and to thy felfe relate, The hard mishap of thy most wretched state. In Thessalie I liu<sup>2</sup>d in sweete content, Vntill that Fortune wrought my ouerthrow;

For

#### The Old VVines tale.

For there I wedded was vnto a dame, That liu'd in honor, vertue, loue, and fame: 220 But Sacrapant that curfed forcerer, Being befotted with my beauteous loue: My deerest loue, my true betrothed wife, Did seeke the meanes to rid me of my life. But worse than this, he with his chanting spels, Did turne me straight vnto an vgly Beare; And when the funne doth fettle in the west, Then I begin to don my vgly hide: And all the day I fit, as now you fee, And speake in riddles all inspired with rage, 230 Seeming an olde and miserable man: And yet I am in Aprill of my age. Enter Venelia his Lady mad; and goes in againe. See where Venelya my betrothed loue, Runs madding all inrag'd about the woods; All by his curffed and inchanting spels.

Enter Lampriscus with a pot of Honny.

But here comes Lampriscus my discontented neighbour. How now neighbour, you looke towarde the ground aswell as I, you muse on 240

fomething.

Lamp: Neighbour on nothing, but on the matter I so often mooued to you: if you do any thing for charity, helpe me; if for neighborhood or brotherhood, helpe me: neuer was one fo combered as is poore Lampryscus: and to begin, I pray receive this potte of Honny to mend

your fare.

Old man: Thankes neighbor, set it downe, 250 Honny is alwaies welcome to the Beare.

And now neighbour let me heere the cause of

your comming.

Lampriscus: I am (as you knowe neighbour) a man vnmaried, and liued fo vnquietly with my two wives, that I keepe every yeare holy the day wherein I buried the both; the first was on saint Andrewes day; the other on saint Lukes.

Old man: And now neighbour, you of this 260 country fay, your custome is out: but on with your tale neighbour.

Lamp: By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me aliue, and sounded in my eares like the clapper of a great Bell, whose talke was a continuall torment to all that dwelt by her, or liued nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

Old man: True neighbour.

Lampr: Shee it is that afflictes me with her continuall clamoures, and hangs on me like a Burre: poore shee is, and proude shee is, as poore as a sheepe new shorne, and as proude of her hopes, as a Peacock of her taile well growne.

Old man: Well said Lampryscus, you speake it like an Englishman.

Lampr: As curft as a waspe, and as frowarde as a childe new taken from the mothers teate, shee is to my age, as smoake to the eyes, or as vinegar to the teeth.

Old man Holily praised neighbour, as much

for the next.

Lampr: By my other wife I had a daughter, fo hard fauoured, fo foule and ill faced, that I thinke a groue full of golden trees; and the leaues of Rubies and Dyamonds, would not bee a dowrie aunswerable to her deformitie.

Old man: Well neighbour, nowe you have spoke, heere me speake; send them to the Well 290 for the water of life: there shall they finde their fortunes vnlooked for; Neighbour farewell.

Lampr: Farewell and a thousand, and now goeth poore Lampryscus to put in execution this excellent counsell.

Exeunt.

Frol: Why this goes rounde without a fidling flick; but doo you heare Gammer, was this the man that was a Beare in the night, and a man in the day?

Old woman: I this is hee; and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt vppon a greene. But foft, who comes here? O these are the haruest men; ten to one they sing a song of mowing.

En ter

300

Enter the haruest men a singing, with this Song double repeated.

All yee that louely louers be, pray you for me, Loe here we come a sowing, a sowing, as owing, and sowe sweete fruites of loue:

In your sweete hearts well may it prooue. Exeunt. Enter Huanebango with his two hand sword, and Booby the Clowne.

Fant: Gammer, what is he?

Old woman: O this is one that is going to the coniurer, let him alone, here what he fayes.

Huan: Now by Mars and Mercury, Iupiter and Ianus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honor of my 320 house Polimackeroeplacydus, it is a wonder to see what this loue will make filly fellowes aduenture, euen in the wane of their wits, and infansie of their discretion. Alas my friend what fortune calles thee foorth to feeke thy fortune among brasen gates, inchanted towers, fire and Brimstone, thunder and lightning. Beautie I tell thee is peerelesse, and she precious whom thou affectest: do off these desires good countriman, good friend runne away from thy felfe, and fo 330 soone as thou canst, forget her; whom none must inherit but he that can monsters tame, laboures atchiue, riddles absolue, loose inchantments, murther magicke, and kill coniuring: and that is the great and mighty Huanebango.

Booby:

Booby: Harke you fir, harke you; First know I have here the flurting feather, and have given the Parish the start for the long stocke: Nowe fir if it bee no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and riddle me riddle me whats this, Ile have the wench from the Con-340 iurer if he were ten Coniurers.

Huan: I have abandoned the Court and honourable company, to do my devoyre against this sore Sorcerer and mighty Magitian: if this Ladie be so faire as she is faid to bee, she is mine, she is mine. Meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium Grammaticorum.

Booby: O falsum Latinum! the faire maide is minum, cum apurtinantibus gibletes and all.

Huan: If shee bee mine, as I assure my selfe 350 the heavens will doo somewhat to reward my worthines; shee shall bee allied to none of the meanest gods; but bee invested in the most famous stocke of Huanebango Polimackeroeplacidus, my Grandfather: my father Pergopolyneo: my mother, Dyonora de Sardynya: famouslie descended.

Booby: Doo you heare fir; had not you a Cosen, that was called Gustecerydis?

Huan: Indeede I had a Cosen, that somtime 360 followed the Court infortunately, and his name Bustegustecerydis.

Booby: O Lord I know him well: hee is the C knight

knight of the neates feete.

Huan: O he lou'd no Capon better, he hath oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner, that was his fault good Bustegustecerydis.

Booby: Come shall we goe along Soft, here is an olde man at the Crosse, let vs aske him the 370 way thither. Ho, you Gasser, I pray you tell where the wise man the Conjurer dwells?

Huan: Where that earthly Goddesse keepeth hir abode; the commander of my thougts, and faire Mistres of my heart.

Old man: Faire inough, and farre inough

from thy fingering fonne.

Huan: I will followe my Fortune after mine owne fancie, and doo according to mine owne discretion.

380 Old man: Yet giue fome thing to an old man before you goe.

Huau: Father mee thinkes a peece of this Cake might ferue your turne.

Old man: Yea fonne.

Huan: Huanabango giueth no Cakes for Almes, aske of them that giue giftes for poore Beggars. Faire Lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosome, I would buckler thee haratantara. Exit.

390 Booby: Father doo you fee this man, you litle thinke heele run a mile or two for fuch a Cake,

or passe for a pudding, I tell you father hee has kept such a begging of mee for a peece of this Cake, whoo he comes vppon me with a superfantiall substance, and the foyson of the earth, that I know not what he meanes: If hee came to me thus, and said, my friend Booby or so, why I could spare him a peece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched mee aboue other fellowes with a Cake: why hee 400 makes me blinde and dease at once: Yet father heere is a peece of Cake for you as harde as the world goes.

Old man: Thanks fonne, but lift to mee, He shall be deafe when thou shalt not see; Farewell my sonne things may so hit, Thou maist haue wealth to mend thy wit.

Booby: Farewell father, farewell; for I must make hast after my two hand sword that is gone before.

Exeunt omnes. 410

#### Enter Sacrapant in his studie.

Sacrapant: The day is cleare, the Welkin bright and gray,
The Larke is merrie, and records hir notes;
Each thing reioyseth vnderneath the Skie,
But onely I whom heauen hath in hate:
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant,
In Thessalie was I borne and brought vp,

My

My mother Meroe hight a famous Witch,

420 And by hir cunning I of hir did learne,
To change and alter shapes of mortall men.
There did I turne my selfe into a Dragon,
And stole away the Daughter to the King;
Faire Delya, the Mistres of my heart:
And brought hir hither to review the man,
That seemeth yong and pleasant to behold,
And yet is aged, crooked, weake and numbe.
Thus by inchaunting spells I doo deceive,
Those that behold and looke vpon my face;

430 But well may I bid youthfull yeares adue:

Enter Delya with a pot in hir hand. (grow, See where she coms from whence my forrows How now faire Delya where have you bin?

Delya: At the foote of the Rocke for running water, and gathering rootes for your dinner fir.

Sacr: Ah Delya, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder farre than steele or Adamant.

Delya: Will it please you to sit downe sir.

Sacr: I Delya, sit & aske me what thou wilt, thou shalt haue it brought into thy lappe.

Delya: Then I pray you fir let mee have the best meate from the king of Englands table, and the best wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knaue in all Spaine.

Sacr: Delya I am glad to see you so pleasant, well

#### The old VViues tale.

well fit thee downe.

Sacr: Spred table fpred; meat, drinke & bred Euer may I haue, what I euer craue:

When I am fpred, for meate for my black cock, And meate for my red.

Enter a Frier with a chine of Beefe and a pot of wine.

Sacr: Heere Delya, will yee fall to.

Del: Is this the best meate in England?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What is it?

Sacr: A chine of English beefe, meate for a And a kings followers. (king 460

Del: Is this the best wine in France?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What Wine is it?

Sacr: A cup of neate wine of Orleance, That neuer came neer the brewers in England.

Del: Is this the verieft knaue in all Spaine?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What is he a Fryer?

Sacr: Yea a Friar indefinit, & a knaue infinit.

Del: Then I pray ye fir Frier tell me before 470 you goe, which is the most greediest Englishman?

Fryer: The miferable and most couetous Vsurer.

Sacr: Holde thee there Frier, Exit Friar. But soft who have we heere, Delia away begon.

 $C_{3}$ 

Enter

Enter the two Brothers.

Delya away, for befet are we,

But heauen or hell shall rescue her for me.

- or was it but her shadow that was bere?
  - 2. Bro: Sifter, where art thou? Delya come again He calles, that of thy absence doth complaine. Call out Calypha that she may heare, And crie aloud, for Delya is neere.

Eccho: Neere.

490

500

1. Br: Neere, O where, hast thou any tidings? Eccho: Tidings.

2. Br: Which way is Delya then, or that, or Eccho: This. (this?

r. Br: And may we fafely come where Delia Eccho: Yes. (is

2. Bro: Brother remember you the white Beare of Englands wood:

Start not a fide for euery danger, Be not afeard of euery stranger;

Things that seeme, are not the same. (enter.

1. Br: Brother, why do we not the coragiously

2. Br: Then brother draw thy sword & follow Enter the Coniurer; it lightens & thunders, the 2. Brother falles downe.

1. Br: What brother dooft thou fall?

Sacr: I, and thou to Calypha.

Fall 1. Brother. Enter two furies.

Adestes Dæmones: away with them,

#### The old VViues tale.

Go cary them straight to Sacrapantos cell, There in despaire and torture for to dwell; These are Thenores sonnes of Thessaly, That come to feeke Delya their fifter forth: But with a potion, I to her haue given, 510 My arts hath made her to forget her felfe. He remoones a turfe, and shewes a light in a glasse. See heere the thing which doth prolong my life With this inchantment I do any thing. And till this fade, my skill shall still endure, And neuer none shall breake this little glasse, But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maide. Then cheere thy felfe, this is thy destinie, Neuer to die, but by a dead mans hand. Exeunt. Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight,

and the old man at the crosse.

Eum: Tell me Time, tell me iust Time,

When shall I Delia see?

When shall I see the loadstar of my life? (sight? When shall my wandring course end with her Or I but view my hope, my hearts delight. Father God speede, if you tell fortunes, I pray good father tell me mine.

Old man: Sonne I do see in thy face, Thy blessed fortune worke apace; I do perceiue that thou hast wit, Beg of thy fate to gouerne it, For wisdome gouern'd by aduise, Makes many fortunate and wise.

Bestowe

530

Bestowe thy almes, give more than all, Till dead mens bones come at thy call: Farewell my sonne, dreame of no rest,

Til thou repent that thou didst best. Exit Old m.

Eum. This man hath left me in a Laborinth, 540 He biddeth me giue more than all,
Till dead mens bones come at thy call:
He biddeth me dreame of no rest,
Till I repent that I do best.

Enter Wiggen, Corobus, Churchwarden and Sexten.

VViggen: You may be ashamed, you whorfon scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shamelesse faces of yours, to let a poore man lie so long aboue ground vnbusionied. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone.

Simon: What would you have vs to burie him, and to aunswere it our selves to the par-

rishe?

Sexton: Parish me no parishes, pay me my fees, and let the rest runne on in the quarters accounts, and put it downe for one of your good deedes a Gods name, for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits.

seo Corobus: You whorefon fodden headed sheepes-face, shall a good fellow do lesse service and more honestie to the parish, & will you not when he is dead let him have Christmas buriall.

VVig gen:

VViggen: Peace Corebus, affure as Iack was Iack, the frollickst francion amongst you, and I VViggen his sweete sworne brother, Iack shall have his funerals, or some of them shall lie on Gods deare earth for it, thats once.

Churchwa: VViggen I hope thou wilt do no more then thou darft aunswer.

VVig: Sir, fir, dare or dare not, more or leffe, aunswer or not aunswer, do this, or haue this.

Sex: Helpe, helpe, helpe, VViggen fets vpon the parish with a Pike staffe.

Eumenides awakes and comes to them.

Eum: Hould thy hands good fellow.

Core: Can you blame him fir, if he take Iacks part against this shake rotten parish that will not burie Iack.

Eum: Why what was that Iack?

Coreb: Who Iack fir, who our Iack fir? as good a fellow as euer troade vppon Neats leather.

VViggen: Looke you fir, he gaue foure score and nineteene mourning gownes to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them vp a full hundred, they would not bury him; was not this good dealing?

Churchwar: Oh Lord fir how he lies, he was not worth a halfepenny, and drunke out euery 590 penny: and nowe his fellowes, his drunken companions, would have vs to burie him at the

IJ

charge

580

charge of the parish, and we make many such matches, we may pull downe the steeple, sell the Belles, and thatche the chauncell: he shall lie aboue ground till he daunce a galliard about the churchyard for Steeuen Loache.

VViggen: Sic argumentaris donnne Loache; and we make many fuch matches, we may pull 600 downe the steeple, sell the Belles, and thatche the chauncell: in good time fir, and hang your felues in the Bell ropes when you have done, Domine oponens præpono tibi hanc questionem, whether will you have the ground broken, or your pates broken: first, for one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, ile seale it vpon your cockescome.

Eum: Hould thy hands, I pray thee good

fellow be not too hastie.

610 Coreb: You Capons face, we shall have you turnd out of the parish one of these dayes, with neuer a tatter to your arfe, then you are in worse taking then Iack.

Eumen. Faith and he is bad enough: this fellow does but the part of a friend, to feeke to bu-

rie his friend; how much will burie him?

VViggen: Faith, about some fifteene or fixteene shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sexton: I even there abouts fir.

Eumen: Heere hould it then, and I have left me but one poore three halfe pence; now do I remem-

remember the wordes the old man fpake at the crosse; bestowe all thou hast, and this is all, till dead mens bones comes at thy call, heare holde it, and so farewell.

VVig: God, and all good, bee with you fir; naie you comorants, ile bestowe one peale of *lack* at mine owne proper costs and charges.

Coreb: You may thanke God the long staffe and the bilbowe blade, crost not your cockes-630 combe; well weele to the church stile, and haue a pot, and so tryll lyll.

Both: Come lets go. Exeunt.

Fant: But harke you gammer, me thinkes

this Iack bore a great sway in the parish.

Old woman: O this Iack was a maruelous fellow, he was but a poore man, but very well beloued: you shall see anon what this Iack will come to.

Enter the harvest men singing, with women in their hands.

Frol: Soft, who have wee heere? our amorous haruest starres.

Fant: I, I, let vs fit still and let them alone.

Heere they begin to sing, the fong doubled.

Loe heere we come a reaping, a reaping, To reape our haruest fruite,

And thus we passe the yeare so long,

And neuer be me mute. Exit the haruest me. 650

D 2 Enter

Enter Huanebango, and Corebus the clowne.

Frol: Soft, who have we here?

Old w: O this is a cholerick gentleman, all you that love your lives, keepe out of the fmell of his two hand fworde: nowe goes he to the conjurer.

Fant: Me thinkes the Conjurer should put

the foole into a Iugling boxe.

Huan: Fee, fa, fum, here is the Englishman, 660 Conquer him that can, came for his lady bright, To prooue himselfe a knight,

And win her loue in fight.

Cor: Who have maifter Bango are you here? heare you, you had best sit downe heere, and beg an almes with me.

Huan: Hence base cullion, heere is he that commaundeth ingresse and egresse with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary whofoeuer faith no.

A voice and flame of fire: Huanebango falleth downe.

Voice: No.

Old w: So with that they kift, and spoiled the edge of as good a two hand fword, as euer God put life in; now goes Corebus in, spight of the conjurer.

Enter the Coniurer, & strike Corebus blinde. Sacr: Away with him into the open fields, To be a rauening pray to Crowes and Kites:

And

And for this villain let him wander vp & downe 680 In nought but darkenes and eternall night.

Cor: Heer hast thou slain Huā a slashing knight And robbed poore Corebus of his fight.

Sacr: Hence villaine hence.

Now I haud vnto Delya giuen a potion of forgetfulnes,

That when shee comes shee shall not know hir Brothers:

Lo where they labour like to Country slaues, With spade and mattocke on this inchaunted 690 ground.

Now will I call hir by another name, For neuer shall she know hir selfe againe, Vntill that Sacrapant hath breathd his last.

See where she comes. Enter Delya.

Come hither Delya take this gode,

Here hard at hand two flaues do worke and dig for gold,

Gore them with this & thou shalt have inough.

He giues hir a gode. Del: Good fir I know not what you meane.

700

Sacra: She hath forgotten to be Delya, But not forgot the same she should forget:

But I will change hir name.

Faire Berecynthia fo this Country calls you, Goe ply these strangers wench they dig for gold Sacrapant.

Delya: O heavens! how am I beholding to this

this faire yong man.

710 But I must ply these strangers to their worke. See where they come.

Enter the two Brothers in their shirts with spades digging.

1. Brother: O Brother see where Delya is.

2. Brother: O Delya happy are we to fee thee here.

Delya: What tell you mee of Delya prating fwaines?

I know no Delya nor know I what you meane, 720 Ply you your work or elfe you are like to fmart.

I. Brother: Why Delya knowst thou not thy Brothers here?

We come from Thessalie to seeke thee forth, And thou deceivest thy selfe for thou art Delya.

Delya: Yet more of Delya, then take this and smart:

What faine you shifts for to defer your labor? Worke villaines worke, it is for gold you digg.

2. Br: Peace brother peace, this vild inchanter
730 Hath rauisht Delya of hir sences cleane,
And she forgets that she is Delya.

1. Br: Leaue cruell thou to hurt the miserable; Digg brother digg, for she is hard as steele.

Here they dig & descry the light under a litle hill.

2. Br: Stay brother what hast thou descride? Del: Away & touch it not, it is some thing, that my Lord hath hidden there. She couers it agen.

Enter

Enter Sacrapant.

Sacr: Well fed, thou plyest these Pyoners well, goe get you in you labouring slaues. Come Berecynthia, let vs in likewise, And heare the Nightingale record hir notes. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Zantyppa the curst Daughter to the well, with a pot in hir hand.

Zant: Now for a husband, house and home, God fend a good one or none I pray God: My father hath fent me to the well for the water of life, and tells mee if I giue faire wordes I shall haue a husband. 750

Enter the fowle wench to the well for water with a pot in hir hand.

But heere comes Celanta my fweete fifter, Ile

stand by and heare what she saies.

Celant: My father hath fent mee to the well for water, and he tells me if I speake faire, I shall haue a husband and none of the worst: Well though I am blacke I am fure all the world will not forfake mee, and as the olde prouerbe is though I am blacke, I am not the diuell.

Zant: Marrie gup with a murren, I knowe wherefore thou speakest that, but goe thy waies home as wife as thou camft, or Ile fet thee home

with a wanion.

Here she strikes hir Pitcher against hir sisters, and breakes them both and goes hir way.

Clant: I thinke this be the curftest queane in the world, you see what she is, a little faire, but as prowd as the diuell, and the veriest vixen that 770 liues vpon Gods earth. Well Ile let hir alone, and goe home and get another Pitcher, and for all this get me to the well for water. Exit.

Enter two Furies out of the Coniurers Cell and laies Huanebango by the well

of life.

Enter Zantippa with a Pitcher to the VVell.

Zant: Once againe for a husband, & in faith Celanta I have got the start of you; Belike hufbands growe by the Well side; now my father fayes I must rule my tongue: why alas what am I then? a woman without a tongue, is as a souldier without his weapon; but ile have my water and be gon.

Heere she offers to dip her Pitcher in, and a head speakes in the VVell.

Head: Gently dip, but not too deepe, For feare you make the golden birde to weepe, Faire maiden white and red,

Stroke me fmoothe, and combe my head, 790 And thou shalt have some cockell bread.

Zant: What is this, faire maiden white & red, Combe me fmooth, and stroke my head: And thou shalt have some cockell bread.

Cockell

Cockell callest thou it boy, faith ile giue you cockell bread.

Shee breakes hir Pitcher vppon his heade, then it thunders and lightens, and Huanebango rifes vp: Huanebango is deafe and cannot heare.

Huan: Phylyda phylerydos, Pamphylyda (floryda flortos, 800

Dub dub a dub, bounce quoth the guns, with a (fulpherous huffe fnuffe:

Wakte with a wench, pretty peat, pretty loue, (and my fweet prettie pigsnie;

Iust by thy side shall sit surnamed great Huane-(bango

Safe in my armes will I keepe thee, threat Mars (or thunder Olympus.

Zant: Foe, what greafie groome have wee here? Hee looks as though hee crept out of the 810 backefide of the well; and speakes like a Drum perisht at the West end.

Huan: O that I might but I may not, woe to (my destenie therefore;

Kiffe that I claspe but I cannot, tell mee my de-(stenie wherefore?

Zant: Whoope nowe I have my dreame, did you never heare so great a wonder as this? Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle bladder rattle.

E Huan:

820

Huan: Ile nowe fet my countenance and to hir in profe, it may be this rim ram ruffe, is too rude an incounter.

Let me faire Ladie if you be at leifure, reuell with your fweetnes, and raile vppon that cowardly Coniurer, that hath cast me or congealed mee rather into an vnkinde sleepe and polluted my Carcasse.

Zantyppa: Laugh, laugh Zantyppa, thou 830 hast thy fortune, a foole and a husbande vnder one.

Huan: Truely sweete heart as I seeme, about some twenty years, the very Aprill of mine age.

Zantyppa: Why what a prating Affe is this?

Huanebango: Hir Corall lippes, hir crimfon chinne,

Hir filuer teeth fo white within:

840 Hir golden locks hir rowling eye,

Hir pretty parts let them goe by:

Hey ho hath wounded me,

That I must die this day to see.

Za: By gogs bones thou art a flouting knaue,-Hir Corall lippes, hir crimfon chinne: ka wilshaw.

Huan: True my owne and my owne be cause mine, & mine because mine ha ha: Aboue a thousand pounds in possibilitie, and things sit-

ting

ting thy defire in possession.

Zan: The Sott thinkes I aske of his landes, Lobb be your comfort, and Cuckold bee your destenie: Heare you sir; and if you will have vs, you had best say so betime.

Huan: True sweete heart and will royallize thy progeny with my petigree. Exeunt omnes.

# Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight.

Eu: Wretched Eumenides, still vnfortunate, Enuied by fortune, and forlorne by Fate; Here pine and die wretched Eumenides. 860 Die in the spring, the Aprill of my age? Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast don I would to God that it were nere begon.

#### Enter Tacke.

Iacke: You are well ouertaken sir.

Eum: Who's that?

Iacke: You are heartily well met fir.

Eum: Forbeare I fay, who is that which pincheth mee?

Iacke: Trusting in God good Master Eume-870 nides, that you are in so good health as all your friendes were at the making hereos: God give you God morrowe sir, lacke you not a neate handsome and cleanly yong Lad, about the age of sisteene or sixteene yeares, that can runne E 2 by

850

by your horse, and for a neede make your Mastershippes shooes as blacke as incke, howe say you sir.

Eum: Alasse pretty Lad, I know not how to 880 keepe my selfe, and much lesse a seruant, my

pretty boy, my state is so bad.

Iacke: Content your felfe, you shall not bee so ill a Master but ile bee as bad a seruant: Tut sir I know you though you know not me; Are not you the man sir, denie it if you can sir, that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Iacke a napes slies with his taile in his mouth, to seeke out a Ladie as white as snowe, and as redd as blood; ha, ha, haue I toucht you so now.

Eum: I thinke this boy be a spirit, How knowst thou all this?

Iacke: Tut are not you the man fir, denie it if you can fir, that gaue all the money you had to the burying of a poore man, and but one three-halfe-pence left in your pursse: Content you fir, Ile serue you that is flat.

Eum: Well my Lad fince thou art so impornate, I am content to entertaine thee, not as a goo seruant; but a copartner in my iourney. But whither shall we goe for I have not any money more than one bare three-halfe-pence.

Iacke: Well Master content your selfe, for if my divination bee not out, that shall bee spent

#### The old VViues tale.

fpent at the next Inne or alehouse we come too: for maister I knowe you are passing hungrie; therefore ile go before and prouide dinner vntill that you come, no doubt but youle come faire and softly after.

Eum: I, go before, ile follow thee.

910

Iack: But doo you heare maister, doo you know my name?

Eum: No I promise thee not yet.

Iack: Why I am Iack. Exeunt Iack.

Eum: Iack, why be it so then.

Enter the Hostes and Iack, setting meate on the table, and Fidlers came to play, Eumenides walketh up and downe, and will eate no meate.

Host: How say you sir, doo you please to sit 920 downe?

Eum: Hostes I thanke you, I have no great stomack.

Host: Pray fir, what is the reason your maister is so strange, doth not this meate please him.

*Iack*: Yes Hostes, but it is my maisters fashion to pay before hee eates, therefore a reckoning good hostesse.

Host: Marry shall you fir presently. Exit.

Eum: Why Iack what dooft thou meane, 930 thou knowest I have not any money: therefore sweete Iack tell me what shall I doo.

Iack: Well maister looke in your pursse.

E 3 Eum:

Eum: Why faith it is a follie, for I have no money. (for me.

lack: Why looke you maister, doo so much Eum: Alas lack my pursse is full of money.

Iack: Alas, maister, does that worde belong to this accident? why me thinkes I should have 940 seene you cast away your cloake, and in a brauado daunced a galliard round about the chamber; why maister, your man can teach you more wit than this, come hostis, cheere vp my maister.

Hostis: You are heartily welcome: and if it please you to eate of a fat Capon, a fairer birde, a finer birde, a sweeter birde, a crisper birde, a neater birde, your worship neuer eate off.

Eum: Thankes my fine eloquent hostesse.

Iack: But heare you maister, one worde by 950 the way, are you content I shall be halfes in all you get in your iourney?

Eum: I am Iack, here is my hand.

Iack: Enough maister, I aske no more.

Eum: Come Hostesse receiue your money, and I thanke you for my good entertainment.

Host: You are heartily welcome fir.

960

Eum: Come Iack whether go we now?

Iack: Mary maister to the conjurers presently.

Eu: Content lack: Hostis farewell. Exe. om.

Enter Corebus and Zelanto the foule wench, to the well for water.

Coreb: Come my ducke come: I haue now got

#### The old VViues tale.

got a wife, thou art faire, art thou not?

Zelan: My Corebus the fairest aliue, make no doubt of that.

Cor: Come wench, are we almost at the wel. Zela. I Corebus we are almost at the Well now, ile go fetch some water: fit downe while I dip my pitcher in.

Voyce: Gently dip: but not too deepe; 97° For feare you make the goulde beard to weepe.

A head comes up with eares of Corne, and she combes them in her lap.

Faire maiden white and red,
Combe me smoothe, and stroke my head:
And thou shalt have some cockell bread.
Gently dippe, but not too deepe,
For feare thou make the goulde beard to weep.
Faire maide, white, and redde,
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head;
And every haire, a sheave shall be,
And every sheave a goulden tree.

A head comes up full of golde, she combes it into her lap.

Zelan: Oh fee Corebus I have combd a great deale of golde into my lap, and a great deale of corne.

Coreb. Well faid wench, now we shall have inst enough, God send vs coiners to coine our golde: but come shall we go home sweet heart? 990 Zelan: Nay come Corebus I will lead you.

Coreb.

Coreb: So Corebus things have well hit, Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit. Exit.

Enter Iack and the wandring knight.

Iack: Come away maister come,

Eum: Go along Iack, ile follow thee, Iack, they fay it is good to go croffe legged, and fay his prayers backward: how faieft thou?

Iack: Tut neuer feare maister, let me alone, 1000 heere sit you still, speake not a word. And because you shall not be intised with his inchanting speeches; with this same wooll ile stop your eares: and so maister sit still, for I must to the Coniurer.

Exit Iack.

Enter the Coniurer to the wandring knight. Sa: How now, what man art thou that fits so sad Why dost thou gaze vpon these stately trees, Without the leave and will of Sacrapant? What not a word but mum,

1010 Then Sacrapant thou art betraide.

Enter Iack invisible, and taketh off Sacrapants wreath from his head, and his sword out of his hand.

Sac: What hand inuades the head of Sacrapāt? What hatefull fury doth enuy my happy state? Then Sacrapant these are thy latest dayes, Alas my vaines are numd, my sinews shrinke, My bloud is pearst, my breath sleeting away, And now my timelesse date is come to end:

1020 He in whose life his actions hath beene so foule,

Now

Now in his death to hell defends his foule.

He dyeth.

Iack: Oh Sir are you gon: now I hope we shall have some other coile. Now maister how like you this; the Coniurer hee is dead, and vowes neuer to trouble vs more. Now get you to your faire Lady, and see what you can doo with her: Alas he heareth me not all this while; but I will helpe that.

He pulles the VV ooll out of his eares.

1030

Eum: How now Iack, what news?

"Iack: Heere maister, take this sword and dig with it, at the foote of this hill.

He digs and spies a light.

Eum: How now lack, what is this?

*lack*: Maister, without this the Coniurer could do nothing, and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his arte indure, and this being out, then doth his arte decay.

Eum: Why then lack I will foone put out 1040

this light.

Iack: I maister, how?

Eum: Why with a stone ile breake the glasse, and then blowe it out.

Iack: No maister you may as soone breake the Smiths Anfill, as this little vyoll; nor the biggest blast that euer Boreas blew, cannot blowe out this little light; but she that is neither maide,

F wife,

wife, nor widowe. Maister, winde this horne; 1050 and see what will happen.

windes the horne.

Heere enters Venelia and breakes the glasse, and blowes out the light, and goeth in againe.

Iack: So maister, how like you this; this is she that ranne madding in the woods, his betrothed loue that keepes the crosse, and nowe this light being out, all are restored to their former libertie. And now maister to the Lady that you have so long looked for.

1060 He draweth a curten, and there Delia sitteth a sleepe.

Eum: God speed faire maide sitting alone: there is once.

God speed faire maide; there is twise: God speed faire maide, that is thrise.

Delia: Not so good sir, for you are by.

Iack: Enough maister, she hath spoke, now I will leave her with you.

Eum: Thou fairest flower of these westerne 1070 Whose beautie so reslecteth in my sight, (parts: As doth a Christall mirror in the sonne: For thy sweet sake I haue crost the frosen Rhine, Leauing saire Po, I saild vp Danuby, As farre as Saba whose inhansing streames,

Cuts twixt the Tartars and the Russians,

Thefe

These haue I crost for thee faire Delia:

Then grant me that which I have fude for long.

Del: Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is fo good:

1080

To finde me out, and fet my brothers free,

My faith, my heart, my hand, I giue to thee.

Eum: Thankes gentle Madame: but heere comes Iack, thanke him, for he is the best friend that we haue.

# Enter Iack with a head in his hand.

Eum: How now Iack, what hast thou there?

Iack: Mary maister, the head of the conjurer.

Eum: Why Iack that is impossible, he was

a young man.

lack: Ah maister, so he deceived them that 1090 beheld him: but hee was a miserable, old, and crooked man; though to each mans eye h med young and fresh, for maister; this Coniurer tooke the shape of the olde man that kept the crosse: and that olde man was in the likenesse of the Coniurer. But nowe maister winde your horne.

He windes his horne.

Enter Venelia, the two brothers, and he that was at the crosse.

Eu: Welcome Erestus, welcome faire Venelia, 1100

Welcome Thelea, and Kalepha both, Now haue I her that I so long haue sought, So saith faire Delia, if we haue your consent.

1. Bro: Valiant Eumenides thou well deseruest To have our favours: so let vs reioyce, That by thy meanes we are at libertie. Heere may we ioy each in others fight,

And this faire Lady have her wandring knight.

Iack: So maister, nowe yee thinke you haue to done: but I must have a saying to you; you know you and I were partners, I to have halfe in all you got.

Eum: Why fo thou shalt lack.

Iack: Why then maister draw your sworde, part your Lady, let mee haue halfe of her prefently.

Eumenid: Why I hope Iack thou doost but iest, I promist thee halfe I got, but not halfe my Lady.

gotten her, therefore deuide her straight, for I will haue halfe there is no remedie.

Eumen: Well ere I will falsisse my worde vnto my friend, take her all, heere Iack ile giue her thee.

lacke: Nay neither more nor lesse Maister, but euen iust halfe.

Eum: Before I will falsifie my faith vnto my friend,

friend, I will divide hir, Iacke thou shalt have halfe.

1130

1150

1. Brother: Bee not so cruell vnto our fister gentle Knight.

2. Brother: O spare faire Delia shee deserues

no death.

Eum: Content your selues, my word is past to him, therefore prepare thy selfe Delya for thou must die.

Delya: Then farewell worlde, adew Eumenides.

He offers to strike and Iacke staies him. 1140 Iacke: Stay Master, it is sufficient I have tride your constancie: Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poore fellow.

Eum: I very well Iacke.

Iacke: Then Master thanke that good deed, for this good turne, and fo God be with you all.

Iacke leapes downe in the ground.

Eum: Iacke what art thou gone?

Then farewell Iacke.

Come brothers and my beauteous Delya, Erestus and thy deare Venelia:

We will to *Thesfalie* with ioyfull hearts.

All: Agreed, we follow thee and Delya.

Exeunt omnes.

Fant:  $\mathbf{F}_{3}$ 

Fant: What Gammer, a fleepe?

Old wom: By the Mas sonne tis almost day, and my windowes shuts at the Cocks crow.

Frol: Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes this Iacke bore a great fway amongst them.

60 Old wom: O man, this was the ghost of the poore man, that they kept such a coyle to burie, & that makes him to help the wandring knight so much: But come let vs in, we will have a cup of ale and a tost this morning and so depart.

Fant: Then you have made an end of your tale Gammer?

Old wom: Yes faith: When this was done I tooke a peece of bread and cheese, and came my way, and so shall you have too before you 1170 goe, to your breakefast.

## FINIS.

Printed at London by Iohn Danter, for Raph Hancocke, and Iohn Hardie, and are to be folde at the shop ouer against Saint Giles his Church without Criplegate.